



1930

Campus Comment, November 1930

Bridgewater State Normal School

Volume 4

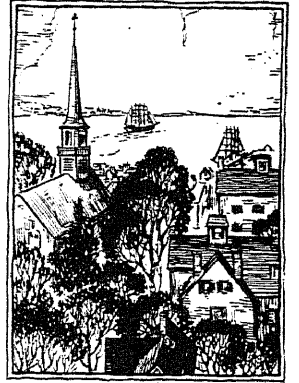
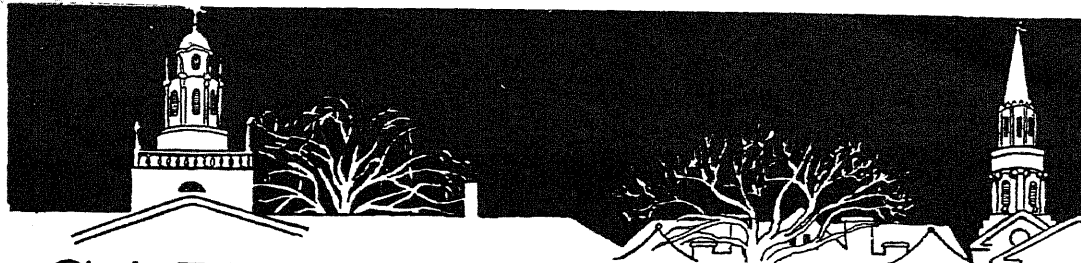
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CAMPUS COMMENT

PUBLISHED BY BRIDGEWATER NORMAL SCHOOL

No. 2

NOVEMBER, 1930

Vol. IV

Bridgewater Entertains Fourth Annual A. C. M. N. S. Conference.

Listed as the principal speaker of the Athletic Conference of Massachusetts Normal Schools being held at the Bridgewater State Normal School, November twenty-first to twenty-second, is Miss Lillian Schoedler, former field secretary of the women's division of the National Amateur Athletic Federation. Miss Schoedler's speech is "After College What?" which is also the general theme of the conference.

Other speakers are Miss Alma Porter, assistant state supervisor of physical education; Miss Ruth Page Sweet of the Bouvé-Boston School of Physical Education; and Mr. Carl Schrader, state supervisor of physical education.

A. C. M. N. S. Program Friday—November 21, 1930

- 9:15—10:15 Chapel Exercises
1. Welcome to Delegates
a. Dr. Arthur C. Boyden
b. Miss Dorothy Dinegan
c. Mr. Carl Schrader
2. Address — Miss Lillian Schoedler
- 10:15—11:15 General Session
1. Talk—Miss Alma Porter
2. Reports
a. Organization of major and minor Sports Fitchburg
b. Commuter and Dormitory Problem—Lowell
c. How Normal School Graduates Spend Their Leisure Time.—Salem
- 11:00—11:45 Round Table Discussions
1. Organization of Sports—Fitchburg
2. How To Interest Girls In W. A. A.—Westfield
3. Uniform Point System—Bridgewater
4. Health Programs—Hyanis
5. Faculty Round Table
- 11:45—12:15 Business Meeting
12:15—12:30 Registering
12:30—1:30 Lunch
Conference Picture
- 1:30—2:30 General Session
1. Reports
a. What Our W. A. A. Has Done Since The Conference At Fitchburg
1. North Adams
2. Framingham
3. Lowell
2. Discussion of All Reports — Framingham
- 2:30—3:30 Address—Miss Ruth Page Sweet
- 3:30—4:15 Discussion of Address
4:15—4:30 Sports
8:00—"C" Social

Library Club Sponsors A Circulating Library

Patronize Your Home Industries!

Library Club is out on two new ventures. One is a circulating library for the entire student body and faculty. The books will be in the library classroom and they may be borrowed any week-day during the hours from 9.00—9.10; 1.10—1.25; and 3.30 to 4.00. The charge will be \$.10 a school week and \$.05 a week-end.

Our second venture is the food sales held for the Day Students. This is in conjunction with Pro and Con. Increase your appetite, and your thirst for good literature.

Ruth Knight, Secretary

Saturday, November 22

- 9:00—10:30 General Session
1. Reports of Round Table Discussions
2. Discussion of Main Theme of Conference
- 10:30—11:00 Business Meeting
11:30—12:00 Sports
12:30—Lunch
1:30—Outing and Picnic
- Bridgewater welcomes delegates from eight normal schools of Massachusetts: Framingham, Lowell, Fitchburg, North Adams, Westfield, Salem, Worcester, and Hyannis.
- Organization of the conference has been directed by Jane Smith of the sophomore class as general chairman; Harriet Parmenter, class of '32 chairman of the program committee; Mary Allen '33, chairman of the hospitality committee; Florence Kerniss '32, chairman of the entertainment committee; and Mary Lavelle of the senior class, chairman of the finance committee.

Dorothy Jean Dinegan

Attractions at the "Princess Theatre"

- November
10-11—"Holiday" with Ann Harding
12-13—"Call of the Flesh" with Ramon Navarro
14-15—"Way Out West" with William Haines
16—"Last of the Lone Wolf" with Bert Lytell
17-18—"Royal Romance" with Pauline Stark and
—"Not Damaged" with Lois Moran
19-20—"Hell Harbor" with Lupe Velez
21-22—"One Romantic Night" with Lillian Gish
23—"Ladies Love Brutes" with George Bancroft
24-25—"Prince of Diamonds" with Ian Keith and Aileen Pringle and
—"Dance Hall" with Arthur Lake
26-27—"Swing High" with Helen Twelvetrees

High Opinion

Ice Cream Parlor Owner Has High Opinion of Bridgewater Normal School Students

That the Bridgewater Normal School students are first-rate and that without them the town would be as dead as a cemetery, was the opinion of Bart Casey, owner of Casey's Ice Cream Parlor, the favorite gathering place of the Normal School men and women, in an interview today.

"They're all right. First rate. I like them so much I'd like to be an uncle to all of them," Mr. Casey said.

"You hear a lot of people say that they are a bother and a nuisance," he continued, "but I believe that without them there wouldn't be any town at all. Bridgewater would be like a cemetery if it were not for them. They're the ones that make the town alive. If the Normal School ever left Bridgewater, I would lock up my front door and throw away the key. They're fine. They're first-rate," he continued.

Mr. Casey said that the sandwich which seemed to be most popular with the students was the tuna-fish salad sandwich, and that the toasted cheese sandwich ranked next in popularity. When first questioned he laughed and said:

"The biggest demand when it comes to sandwiches is for bigger ones."

There are so many varieties of drinks and sundaes that this busy young man, who was constantly interrupted during the interview by customers coming and going, could not say just which ones were best liked.

Mr. Casey caters to the Normal School students in every way. Every Wednesday and Saturday, Transcripts are delivered at the school for Miss Hill's literature classes. "Then too," he said, with a smile in his eyes belying the seriousness of his tone, "I remodelled the ice cream parlor entirely for their benefit you know."

When asked if Normal School girls were easy to please or whether they were fussy, Mr. Casey hedged a little and finally remarked:

"Well, you know how women are."

Mary Childs A1

Social Calendar

- Nov. 21—C Social
Nov. 26—Thanksgiving vacation
Dec. 5—Men's Amateur Night
Dec. 6—Student Coöperative Association Dance
Dec. 19—Social Activities Dance
Dec. 23—Jan. 5—Christmas vacation

Are You Doing Your Part?

Have you any questions which you would like to discuss? Have you any opinions on school life or activities which you want to pass along or question? If you have, write to the Campus Comment Forum.

The purpose of this new column, the Forum, is to afford an opportunity to the students to discuss questions of school life or occurrences in student circles, and to let the students offer solutions to various problems which have arisen. We feel that as the paper is a paper of the students they should be given an opportunity to use it as a means of expression. This not only applies to the Forum, but also to all sections of the paper.

Contributions must be in good form, and either typewritten or in legible long-hand. They may be given to any member of the staff or to the class editor. We need your help to improve our paper. Will you back us up?

Elizabeth O'Donnell,
Editor-in-chief.



C Class Social

On Friday evening, November 21, at 7:30 in the Albert Gardner Boyden Gymnasium the C class will hold one of the snappiest socials of the year. It is to be in the form of a sport dance. The members appearing in sport costumes will have with them all the pep that belongs to the class.

There will be a miniature golf course for the golf "fans", bridge for the card "sharks," and the best orchestra possible for the dancers.

All for twenty-five cents.
Don't miss the C social!

Chapel Dates

- Nov. 13—N. A. A.
Nov. 18—Miss Beal
Nov. 20—Library Club
Nov. 25—Mr. Stearns
Nov. 27—Thanksgiving
Dec. 2—Miss Bradford
Dec. 4—Class Meetings

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EDITORIAL

War Against Illiteracy

Another World War is being waged—a war which is engaging all the nations. It is a battle against illiteracy, a battle which presents a challenge to every educated citizen, and to every teacher to whom illiteracy is the antithesis of everything for which she strives.

The adult education movement which had its beginning in Kentucky nineteen years ago has spread to other lands. In Russia a campaign has been launched to wipe out illiteracy in five years. One can no longer speak of dark, backward Russia. Before the war two-thirds of Russia was illiterate. During the last two years, 13,000,000 illiterate adults were taught to read and write. By 1930 the government hopes to exterminate illiteracy among its 150,000,000 inhabitants.

China has planned a program by which illiteracy will be blotted out in six years. About eighty percent of the entire population of 348,875,962 persons cannot write. Mass education is to be compulsory, schools will be opened throughout the country. Reading classes will be formed in homes, factories, stores, armies and prisons. No government or public offices may employ persons over eighteen years of age who cannot read or write.

Turkey has discarded her old alphabet and is requiring every person young and old, educated or uneducated, to learn the new one within the next six years.

In the U. S. in 1920 there were over 6,000,000 native born adults who could neither read nor write.

May the next world census reveal a world in which every child can read and write.

B—is for busy we should be
R—for riches in knowledge we see
I—the ideas we mean to teach
D—the destination we hope to reach
G—the game we'll play so fair
E—the envy we're not to share
W—the wisdom we'll impart
A—the advice which gives the start
T—the treasure stored in view
E—with earnestness we'll see it thru
R—the right given us to pursue
Put them all together, they spell Bridge-water.

Alice Drohan D4



FORUM

Dear Editor,

There has always been a tradition of perfect harmony existing between the dormitory and day students. As soon as we went through the imaginary ordeal of the usual freshmen welcome, we were soundly instructed that there was no partiality nor distinction shown to either of these equally illustrious groups.

Indeed, fine spirit was shown. The dormitory girls gladly stepped aside and allowed the commuters first chance in the after school sports.

Soon a notice reached us of the wonderful opportunities richly afforded in the club activities. There would be all manner and sort for us to choose from in order to achieve a well rounded program so vitally essential to our particular profession.

In all our youthful joy, we exuberantly ask, "What time does it meet?" We are completely squelched with this laconic reply, "Six thirty o'clock."

Now I ask you, how do they expect the N. Y. N. H. & H. patronizers to be counted in on these good times? We sincerely hope that a happy solution will be reached in the near future.

Mildred Moren, D4.

Dear Editor,

The other day we were given the opportunity to make known our long-felt but unexpressed ideas of that species of human being known as "the male." Limited time and space permits us to cite but a few of the extracts from "What I Think of Man."

"Men are conceited and egotistical. They love to be flattered, amused, and catered to. They must always be the winners over the weaker sex in an argument, tennis or bridge. Yet how weak they are themselves when one analyzes their characteristics."

"Men are utterly and sublimely conceited and that is why they are the happier sex. If you are sure you are right, sure you are handsome, sure you are good, clever, entertaining in every situation, why shouldn't you be happy?"

"I think that man has so long had the idea in his mind that because of his physical power he is better than woman, that today when his physical power is not considered everything and woman is beginning to have some freedom, he feels a great blow to his ego."

It is true that man cannot have what he wants. As long as woman is elusive to him, he pursues her. When he has her in his power he turns to something else."

"I like men. I believe that they have a perfect right to dominate woman, but not to subject her entirely to their will. As the stronger sex, they are absolutely justified in establishing ideals, habits, and attitudes to which the woman should live?"

"Woman cannot get along without man and vice versa. Man seems to be a necessary evil."

As far as affection goes, they have it, but not in large quantities. They are nat-

urally held when there is a question of pursuit or conquest. Happy is the woman who knows how to keep her man on tenterhooks.

Men usually make better fathers than husbands. Monogamy is not their forte."

We wonder what the reaction of the stronger sex will be. Will these opinions fall on barren ground?

Sincerely yours,

Class A1 (Sociology)

D. E. G.

Dear Editor,

Have you ever noticed how interesting or uninteresting people can make life? I know you have. We all have. To notice an evil is good, but to correct it is better. At Bridgewater this almost universal wrong is particularly mal apropos, for it is the divine right of the teachers to be interesting. B. N. S. should be something more than a gigantic factory turning out efficient, proficient, machines of profession. It should foster a new kind of professional attitude; it should teach individuals to be individual; it should teach them to give vitality and interest to every slightest word or action. Let us be different. Let us not add to canned food, canned music, and canned opinions,—that horror the canned teacher.

Gertrude Laird Cl.

Tidbits From the Educators

Conducting a class is like driving an automobile; each requires force, guidance, watchfulness, adjustment of conditions, self-control and self-poise of the one who is responsible.

Education is inspired and guided growth.

Although it is the general belief that there is an oversupply of teachers, Clyde R. Miller, director of the bureau of Teacher's College, Columbia University, says that there are not enough teachers of the caliber required to meet the demand. The bureau of Teachers' College has thousands of calls for teachers to fill positions all the way from kindergarten to high school principal and cannot meet the demand.

—School Executives Magazine.

An experiment in having no arithmetic below the sixth grade is being tried by Superintendent Louis P. Benezet, Manchester, New Hampshire in five different schools.

A petition asking for the establishment in Boston of a public university where young men and women may study and receive degrees in the arts, sciences, and professions has been filed with the clerk of the State House of Representatives by Harry Ehrlich of Chelsea, Massachusetts.

Students failing thru laziness or inattention in the Grand Junction high school, must pay \$25 for the privilege of repeating a course.

Man must project himself at least twenty-five years into the future. No generation can live to itself alone.

Professional spirit is an attitude of mind which places social well-being ahead of personal profit.

Two old maids went for a tramp in the woods. The tramp died.

Mr. Durgin's latest theory: — that the Sears Roebuck Company helped unify the world.

Interview with Miss Caldwell

"Quite exceptional is the way students run things with very little faculty assistance here," said Miss Caldwell when interviewed recently.

Miss Caldwell is the new member of the physical education department. She comes to Bridgewater after varied experiences in her chosen field.

"I attended Northwestern University in Chicago for two and one half years and then went to the University of Wisconsin for one year," said Miss Caldwell. "My teaching experience came in the next two years in Bessemer, near Birmingham, Alabama. Then I taught in the grade school of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, which school was supported partly by the state and partly by the company. Outside of school, I did social work and carried on activities for the parents of the children. The next year was spent in study at the University of Wisconsin for my degree."

Miss Caldwell has also done playground and summer camp work in Wisconsin and Illinois.

"My impressions of Bridgewater are very favorable. There are many facilities for activities. The spirit of the Normal School differs from the college where a professional attitude is apt to come rather late. Sometimes college, even college seniors, do not have the goal before them as the students do here. The student government is especially interesting. It is quite exceptional the way students run things with very little faculty assistance."

Miss Caldwell is interested in building up a greater variety of sports for each season.

"I am also interested," continued Miss Caldwell, "in building up soccer. I would like to see more people taking part in different sports instead of the same group participating in hockey and soccer."

Teacher Training Survey Made

The Department of the Interior through its offices of Education is proceeding "to make a survey of the qualifications of teachers in public schools, the supply of available teachers, the facilities available and needs for teacher training, including courses of study and methods of teaching," as authorized by the recent Congress.

The recent Congress provided \$200,000 to be used in this study of teacher training. Of this \$50,000 is available for expenditures during the present year.

Secretary Wilbur has announced the appointment of a group of eminent specialists to constitute a board of consultants to act as advisors in this undertaking.

MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION

—Gathered from an eighth grade in a neighboring town.

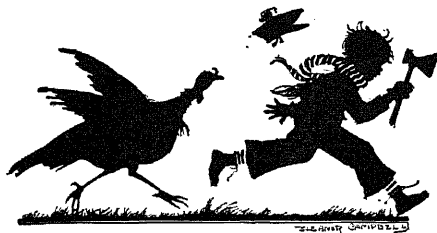
Renaissance teased King John to sign the Magna Charta, which he did in 1215.

Parliament is a place for poor people. Mosquitoes breed in staggering pools. The Loose Angles is America's largest dirigible.

Egypt's contribution to us—fresh air.

Member of C1 to roommate: — "Incidentally, we won the hockey game today."

Roommate: — "Accidently is more like it."



VAIN PROTEST

"How futile is this life," the Poet mused.
A slender thread of golden dross,
Spinning infinite;
Or, perchance, broken short,
Leaves ugly ends — straggling
Like unfulfilled desires."

"How futile is this life," the Poet mused.
"A dismal stretch of barren way
Reaching endless into void.
Unwavering, between gray hedges of
despair;—
Of hopes unrealized."

And so he mused,
And strode unheeding on;
While through the dusk of evening,
A swallow winged her way.

Rose J. Rant D4

Peace

Peace is
Dusk — when little winds are chill and
faintly stern,
And quaintly perfumed with sweet fern,
Dusk — when firs are points of blue
Dark against a scalloped cloud of softer
hue
Appliqued in feather-stitch
Upon the liquid sky light dimly rich,
Dusk — when a dew-bright star shines
high
Upon the milky blue that is the sky.

Peace is
A mind all bathed in blue-white dusk-
light.

Peace is
A mind all filled with star-shot dream-
night.

Gertrude Laird C1

Too Weary

I saw the moon like a disk of pearl
With one pure golden edge
Hanging poised above a mass
Of dense and gray forbidden rock
Casting a ray of fireless white
Along the darkened face thin light.

Then dropped too weary long to stay
And fill—my breath was still—
Shattered not and sank instead
On bulging huge yet yielding cloud
Finding a shelter within the sky
Two stars there were who saw, and I.

M. MacF. B1

Tapestry

Vivid streaks of orange
Weaved in gold brown pattern,
Lines of black and gray
Twined with blustry swaying
Under a cold gray sky
And the sweeping breath of snow.

M. Mc. B.

CLUB NOTES

CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club has taken in six new members and is well along in its plans for the year.

The members feel they have done much to add to the variety of campus life by including in the initiation of these new members the necessity of wearing bright colored Indian head dresses.

The officers of the club are: Herbert Rickards, president; Aubrey Evans, vice-president; Mary Kelly, treasurer; and Barbara Dunham, secretary.

SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club has been reorganized and has started its programs for the school year. The organization, made up of students who have a genuine interest in science and whose scholastic standing merits their admittance, meets once every week on Wednesday evening.

The interest of the members are diversified and many, making the program wide in scope and varied, according to individual interests.

This club offers a three-fold help: to the individual, by the increase of knowledge; to the science department, by practical and purposeful activities; to the school, by a helpful and cooperative attitude. The club is looking forward to an interesting year with the club's advisor Miss Graves.

Aubrey Evans.

SCOUTS

The Scouts are so full of pep and ambition to do things that they are afraid that they won't get in enough meetings this year.

In the first place there is tin-canning, a wonderful discovery which aids in planning a supper hike. To increase the finances of the club, the Scouts are making various articles that are to be sold at a fair to be held sometime before Christmas. They are painting lead animals; making vases out of jars and linings of old envelopes; and making "What nots" out of leather.

Then there is tenderfoot work, first-class work, and lodge work. A part of each meeting is given over to the folk-singing project which is being carried on to obtain the minstrel badge.

LYCEUM

The Lyceum, the only "all men" club in the school has resumed its meetings for the ensuing school year. The organization, with Miss Lovett as advisor, has begun the year with a complete and extensive program which includes informal discussion by members, talks by members, talks by prominent people, and formal debating. The club had for its first speaker this year Miss Preston, former president of the National Education Association and former state superintendent of schools in the state of Washington, who spoke on "The World Makes Way For The Man Who Knows Where He Is Going."

The club is open to all men who are interested in this type of work. This organization meets every Thursday afternoon after school.

Aubrey Evans.

PRO AND CON

The officers of Pro and Con, the debating club are: Leonora Sullivan, president; Florence Tournier, vice-president; Ruth Lord, secretary-treasurer. Membership is divided so that there will be a group of active and associate members. Eighteen new girls are to be taken into the club this year as associate members. Many of them intend to try out for the debating team. Active members are those who have taken part in public debates.

The first formal meeting of the club will be held Thursday evening, November thirteenth, at six-thirty. At this meeting the new members will be initiated.

W. A. A.

The fall sport season will close with a spread which will be held in the gymnasium. Everybody is invited to attend.

A ten-mile hike is being planned by Miss Effie Post, head of hikes, to the State Farm. At this time the students have the opportunity to visit the various state buildings.

Plans are under way for the Athletic Conference of Massachusetts Normal Schools which will be held here November 21 and 22. The program is such that the delegates are assured a pleasant week-end.

GARDEN CLUB

On October 22, if you had been listening, you might have heard strange shrieks and muffled groans issuing from the garden. Those wierd sounds came from the throats of thirteen girls who were undergoing the process of T. C. initiation.

Judging by the new members' answers as to why they joined T. C., we think they should prove very efficient in the work of our club.

Miss Elizabeth Zimmerli Referees Hockey Game

Some of the notes from W. A. A. include the following.

Louise Borden, head of dancing, reported that the course in ballroom dancing, regularly attended by fifty couples, will continue until Thanksgiving when a new course will be started for the men.

"There are still as many coming out for golf as can be accommodated," said Miss Aloise Mitchell, head of minor sports. She further stated that W. A. A. hopes to have indoor golf during the winter term.

Etta Larkin, head of hockey, stated that the Hockey Spread is to be in the form of a Fall Spread. Miss Elizabeth K. Zimmerli, former popular young instructor of the physical education department, will referee the All Senior-Alumni hockey game played on Saturday, November fifteenth.

Miss Ena Fredette, head of health, reported on the work of the Student-Faculty Health Committee.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



Experiences of a Freshman

As every one knows the experiences of a freshman, if properly accorded, would fill many volumes. The meeting of strangers from Yarmouth, Quincy, East Cambridge, Chelsea, and South Boston; the obstinate lockers; the "socials" with its quota of seven and one half girls per male; the wondering why professors grow whiskers; the various exercises; aren't these experiences worthy of note?

The real experiences came from the efforts of the C's. They did their noble best to make life miserable for us, and how they succeeded is a matter of history.

The first thing our predecessors did was to make us buy a fez with a red tassel and a necktie, all for the absurd sum of one dollar. Next they made us wear them; that hurt. Strong men shuddered at our approach and children ran away. Many were the suspicious remarks that sounded like "Who's that nut?"

One would think that that treatment would satisfy Nero or Caligula. But no, the C's had other plans up their sleeves. Soon a notice appeared commanding all freshmen to appear on the campus on a certain date, each dressed in a gymnasium suit and bearing a sack full of leaves.

Upon the date specified, the freshmen appeared, clad in clothes in various stages of decomposition and only one carrying a sack. However as I had brought three sacks and three were accounted enough, a young man by the name of Palopoli, Demon in Charge, uttered the words, "On with the dance; let joy be unconfined." That was that.

You know the rest from the books you have read. You know how clothes were ruined, lips split asunder, and how the party went hither and thither, how two of our members were thrown into the pond with the rest of the bull-frogs. Then the freshmen slightly shopworn directed their steps homeward, feeling like the breaking of a bad winter.

Dunn—D6

America, the Melting Pot

"Some poetic mind called America the melting pot for all races; there have been some disappointments in melting adults, but none will deny that our public schools are the real melting pot, pouring out a new race. Under our schools, race, class, and religious hatreds fade away. From the real melting pot is the hope of that fine metal which will carry the advance of our national achievement and our national ideals." — Herbert Hoover.

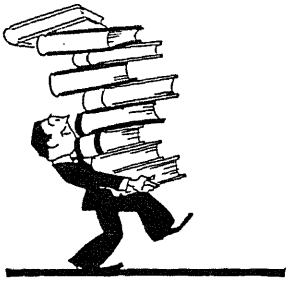
Offringa (in delirium): 4, 92, 4, 11, 4, to the right.

Doctor: Too much math, I fear.

Friend: Oh no, its only his gym locker combination.

—Quoted

"Women should take a tip from nature. Her ears aren't made to shut; her mouth is."



Lire; Savoir; Pouvoir

Book Week is here,
As it comes every year,
And we're proud of the wares we display,
Since not very far
From a school ma'am you are
Your part you should learn how to play,
Now we've oodles of knowledge,
From profs of each college,
To carry you straight through the day.
Come, save up your dimes;
Respond to these rhymes;
Do not hesitate or delay.
16 to 20 the date,
Reasonable the rate,
And at room 34 the array.

Anne Tynan Cl.

Book-Week

The annual book-week is to take place very soon. Books of all kinds will be on display in the library and students have the privilege of inspecting them during free periods or before and after school.

Books may be purchased at a reduced rate by leaving your name with the librarian or the person in charge. This is an opportunity for book-lovers to own some of these treasures.

A great variety of books are to be shown such as: "Lone Cowboy" by Will James; books of poetry and verse; children's books; many new novels; and bibliographies; also a great number of French books written in French or translated into the English.

Teas, to which the upper class will be invited, are to be given by the freshmen divisions taking the course in Ethics.

Come in and have a cup of tea and see the books.

Who Ever Heard of the Freshmen?

We think the sophomores have heard of the class of '34 but no one hears them talking of it much. If not, why not, That is the question.

In early September of this year, a group of gentlemen set out to inject new energy into the life-blood of this institution. Where they expected to get that energy is an enigma. Up to the present time no spark of energy or intelligence has been found among them. Nevertheless, armed with good intentions and innocent of the dangers they were to face this hardy group entered B. N. S.

After being lead about by Dean Kelley and Al Goodfield for one whole day, we felt quite well acquainted.

Then came the "black hand" messages from the sophomore council. Each freshman had to waste part of his precious allowance at Snow's — purchasing a monkey cap and a beautiful bow tie. Over our heads like the sword of Damocles,

hung the impending sack rush. Truly a great fear was in our hearts and rightly so. Of all the quaint old customs of the school this certainly is the most barbarous, although the branding of the T. C. (Thick Cocoa-nuts) seems rather cruel.

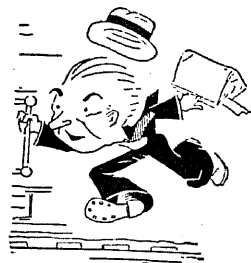
The great event took place on the hottest day of the season, so Lynch and Dunn went swimming. After getting the best of the mauling party, and therefore winning the encounter, we discovered that the referee was in league with the Sophs. However we hold no grievance against the official.

That evening a good time was had by all. After wining and dining us the wiley Sophs again turned on us. We should worry. Probably the crowd at the band concert enjoyed it, we know that Kenneth did.

When it came to the soccer game, we retaliated on our rivals. This time the referee was on our side so we won.

You know the rest.

Alfred Wood D6



My Experiences as a Commuter

School is a very pleasant occupation because it is so diversified. For the first time in my school-life, there has been added a new and novel experience. I have always heard of the good times and fun of the commuters but it took a personal experience to make it interesting. I would very much rather commute to Bridgewater than stay there.

I have christened the slow-moving express that carries us to Middleboro from Fall River the Gas—Electric Express. I have named it so because of the five coaches, three are illuminated by gas and two by electricity. Our train cuts across back-yards, meadows, swamps and ponds. It leaves the one main track and crosses three main lines. Two trains run daily, one in the morning and one again at night. These trains connect the hermits and the rest of the civilized world. Instead of the trolley that meets all trains, our train is the train that misses all trains.

At Middleboro we board a fast train for Bridgewater. This train, unless there is a mistake is always late and can always be depended upon. The trains are always early or on time when you are late, but are always late when you are early.

The commuters, on this express, are considered so important that we have a special coach to ourselves. This is because there are no other passengers. Our day is approximately fourteen hours long because of the poor train connections. If the business falls off much more we will probably be given a push-car.

The scenery becomes so familiar that at night a commuter can pick out the names of the country towns. "King of all he surveys," provided he pays, is the commuter.

Francis Fanning, D6

Freshmen the Greatest Intellectual Group

The greatest intellectual gift to any school is the incoming freshmen class. Without doubt the freshmen class of 1934, is the greatest and most honorable of any class in the history of the Bridgewater State Normal School. We are the builders of the nation. What we do in the next four years lies the success or failure of the school.

WE, the freshmen class of 1934, became acquainted with that insect which is otherwise known as the sophomore, on the field of battle. With odds against us and two of our boys taking swimming lessons we struggled and sweated with great bravery. Even the judge of this royal battle must have come from Chicago. He was so honest that he should have taken a four year course under the personal supervision of Charles Ponzi at the Plymouth jail. This judge belonged to another class of diseases called the seniors. But like Ceasar, we came, we killed, and we slaughtered. With bowed heads, broken noses, and wide open spaces what was left of the four hundred sophomores crawled off the field. Again the banners of the class of 1934, waved over the sophomore domain.

The next victory gained by this marvelous body of superhumans was at the acquaintance social. With the grace of ballet dancers we escorted the fair damsels of the school around the floor. What a contrast between the smooth and graceful freshmen dancers and the truck-horses which went under the name of sophomores.

At one time it looked as if we would have to call out the state militia, as the fair damsels of the school struggled to dance the Duffy crawl with this body of men, which have baffled the scientists from all parts of the universe.

What strange power we have over the opposite sex. The freshmen boys of this year's class are in more demand by the female sex than Oliver Garret is by the Boston Police Department.

The next episode in the history of this period of miracles was the soccer game between the two peaceful nations, the sophomores and the freshmen. To please the spectators the freshmen took it easy and allowed the under-dog to score a goal. But after a brief period of rest, the mighty Cadwell, with his educated toe tied the game up. After kicking the sophomores a few more times in the shins, the game was called off.

With these scalps stored safely under our belts we stand on the threshold of a new world, waiting for new worlds to conquer. So rest the brilliant minds and strong bodies of this great school. Till they need to take up arms against the seas of trouble.

C. Aherne.

INTERCLASS SOCCER

Mr. Milici came onto the field of action charmingly attired in a blue pull-down Beret (pulled way down) and a pair of sneakers.

The truth is, my friends, that the ball was scared lop-sided.

CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN

We see Mr. Kelley has migrated with all his lawful possessions from the dungeon to the first level. Maybe the men of this school have a future!!

Alumni Weekend

"When alumni come to Normal, textbooks fly away." Familiar voices ringing through the corridor, familiar faces about the campus — alumni weekend once again.

Many of the graduates arrived in time for "The Lion and the Mouse" which was presented by the Dramatic Club auditorium, Friday evening.

Saturday morning, many more came to attend the Fourth Annual Conference of Graduate Teachers which was directed by Miss Alice B. Beal, director of training.

Among the girls who visited us were; Margaret Archibald '29, Alice Taylor '29, Gwen Cleverly '29, Evelyn Blamire '29, Margaret Griffin '29, Elizabeth McClure '29, Catherine Sullivan '29, Helen Hand '29, Gertrude Sullivan '29, Alice Crossley '29, Harriet Chace '29, Persus Canfield '29, Alice Birkett '29, Grace Buckland '29, Betty Look '29, Helen Andrews '29, Marion Hawkes '29, Katherine Packard '29, Miriam Perkins '29, Barbara Raddin '29, Phoebe Summers '30, Eileen Cox '30, Sarah Leary '30, Amy Birge '30, Ann Sternberg '30, Josephine Taylor '30, Margaret Baird '30, Mary Bowley '30, Oella Minard '30, Esther Mayo '30, Ethel Meyer '30, Dorothy Beesley '30, Helen Healy '30, Nora Murphy '30, Christine McLeod '30, Marion Smith '30, Dorothy Lamond '30, and Evelyn Haynes '30.

Program for Alumni Weekend

1930

Friday

8:00 P. M. Dramatic Club presents "The Lion and The Mouse".

Saturday

8:30—9:15 A. M. Normal School and Training School open to visitors.

9:15 Fourth Annual Conference of Graduate Teachers.

12:30 Alumni Luncheon.

2:00 Hockey Game—Alumni vs. B. N. S. (Women)

Soccer Game—Alumni vs. B. N. S. (Men)

3:30 Tea Dance in Gymnasium.

to

5:30 (Alumni will have an opportunity for individual conference with members of the Faculty during the Tea Dance.)

I Am An Educator

I adjust my tortoise-dimmed spectacles before a naturally stupid class. Patiently I explain to modern youth that the radius of a circle does not produce Amos and Andy's latest "double-check", and that London is the capital of England and not the scene of Will Rogers' great talkie success. I drill knowledge — for it is drilling — into the heads of the innocent youths. I am the great educator whose patience is renowned. My name is inscribed next to that of Horace Mann. But wait —

It is my own teacher calling me back from the clouds and dreams. I lose all my dominance over youth and succumb to hers.

Anna Pickens, Class D4

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LITERATURE

Dreams

When the "blinks" surprise me,
And I spring into my bed,
Upon the soothing pillow
I place my weary head.

To many different places
My stranded thoughts do stray,
To home, to mother, and "the kids",
And when I'll go home to stay;

How far away the weekend,
When can I get the train,
What I will wear; and what I'll take
When I go to the football game.

But then my thoughts do wander
To my present state once more,—
My homework isn't half done,
Oh, I'll get by—I'm sure.

I'll do it well tomorrow
And probably get an "A",
Or the teacher might forget it.
I hope so anyway.

Then I skip the years of hardship,
I'm a senior now, you see.
"Freshmen, stand up—take my books,
Where can your button be?"

I am the proctor for my "dorm"
My heart exalteth in me,
Now, I'll get even with those "grads"
Who kept me in misery.

When on alumnae weekend
They'll all come back once more
The minute that the "blinks" go on
I'll be outside their door.

I'll even have a fire drill
To rouse them out of bed
My! but won't they grit their teeth?
But, I will laugh, instead.

In these happy thoughts I revel
Till my eyelids lower,
In the morning I'll waken
A poor Freshman—nothing more.
Marion Wanilek D4

Tall-Song

I tasted the wine of wild red grape,
And saw with a spirit freed
Leaves a'whirl in red-rust dance
Drinking the self-same mead,
Heard the crisp grass whisp'ring dryly
To the corn, past the old stone wall,
That stood a'tossing her silken hair,
A'lifting her golden ear to the call
Of a lone crow cawing.

M. Mc B.

Try 'Em — Toasted Frankforts

"Have a spread with these,
And your friends you'll surely
please."

Brady's Diner

Next to the P. O.

A Day with Nature

"Why was I absent yesterday?" asked Herb Thistledown. "It's a sad, pathetic tale. And then, with his clear, big, round, innocent, blue eyes, he returned the grim, determined glare of the Dean.

"Come, come," said the latter, "I have neither time nor sympathy to waste on wasters who are too ill to attend classes but well enough to be seen making merry in a town twenty miles away."

"Ah, but you wrong me, sir," replied Thistledown. "After you hear my story your granite heart may change your pre-judged mind."

As you are aware — began Thistledown — I'm a commuter. I am constantly on the go. I have not a moment I can truthfully call my own. Yesterday morning I left my house at the customary hour, boarded the customary train at the customary time, and then, after having seated myself in the customary position, I opened my brief case as is my customary wont. However, I could not study in my customary manner. My neuron patterns would not function properly. In fact, I felt a queer, unusual sensation coming over me as the train sped along. And then, as I gazed through the window, I realized the trouble. I was building new neuron patterns. I am now fully aware that I was doing wrong, but I did not know it at the time. (Here Thistledown's eyes drooped and swept the floor, thus doing the Dean a great favor).

It must have been some great demon that prompted me to continue gazing through the window. And that is how stimulus after stimulus continued to demand the necessary response.

Outside, I saw a colt gamboling freely about his pasture. He was having the time of his life. Cows were pacifically chewing their cuds as they reclined peacefully upon nature's green mattress. Birds glided happily beneath the speckled heavens and chirped as they flittered from limb to limb. Chickens scampered unrestrained through the underbrush. The trees idly shook their dainty leaves. Everything was in harmony. Everything was placid and happy and free — the brook, the bird, the cow, the horse, the pig, the goat, the chicken, the tree—

I could endure it no longer. I tried to control myself, but it was futile. I could no longer stay cooped up. I, too, had to be free — to gambol, to frolic, to play. As the train stopped at some jerk station, whose name I have forgotten, I rushed out, being able to resist the urge no longer. I threw my bag and books hither and yon and then dashed madly about. I was free. Free! The response had come.

Ah, but I enjoyed myself. I joined the fish in the stream. I scrambled up trees like a squirrel. I pursued butterflies. I gathered flowers. I reclined on nature's velvet finery. Thus frolicking, dancing, playing, I arrived at the town where some spy saw me. She accosted me and asked me why I was pulling a dog's tail. I replied, "Because we are two of nature's children having a duet." I then began to sing "Pickles Are Green," a song of my own composition.

Cont. on Page 6, Col. 1



Problem in Discipline

Rain has a way of turning my peaceful domain, the Kingdom of the Fifth Grade, into a circus, a carnival, an old-fashioned hippodrome — anything but a house of learning. I detest it and dread the sound of rain drops pattering against the window-pane early in the morning. Then the children are doomed to be in the room all day — at recess, at noon, early in the morning.

On the day which I shall never forget, it was raining, chilly, drizzling rain and all thirty-two of my problems in discipline were present, even Rocco. Fate might have spared me that but he was there, black eyes alertly darting about the room, dirty hands twisting a rubber band around a ruler. Fate on rainy days does not spare one. Floro was a trifle late. He arrived dripping with water and clutching as usual his precious newspaper-wrapped luncheon. Joseph came in behind his brother and carried a large stick. I sighed. It was undoubtedly a bad beginning.

"Good morning, children." The wiggling cherubs smiled. Haloes had not yet been put away and rubber bands and paper wads substituted, I noted. But it was yet too early to be optimistic.

Opening exercises progressed smoothly. Insurrection had not yet broken out, but I was on the watch.

Spelling, geography — and a paper wad sailed serenely, swiftly across the room. I saw it with apprehensive eyes. Lessons went on.

"Petroleum is obtained how, Delbert?" Delbert did not know and seemed very much embarrassed. He was slow to make any kind of reply, but stood in the aisle carefully studying the back of Frances's head.

"Petroleum," I began in righteous anger, "is obtained how?" No reply and I looked intently at Delbert. His cheeks were bulging.

"Apples," I thought, "Oh dear." "Don't you let me see you eating another apple. Don't you dare," I ordered imitating the tone and manner of a "strict teacher and awful hard marker".

"Ya otter see the store he's got in his desk, Miss Smith," volunteered Leonard. I shuddered; an ample supply I could foresee. Yes, apples and cookies and sandwiches lined its inside edge.

But my attention was wrenched away from this desk of plenty by a steady and rythmical tapping. "Joseph's stick," I thought. I turned around and Joseph was grinning, having a delightful time. "Tap, tap, tap," went the stick.

"Joseph," I shouted, "stop that." No, it was not the right way, not subtle enough, not making the child want to cease his noise. But I shouted all the same. Rain can make even a teacher just fresh from

Cont. on Page 6, Col. 2

Dramatic Club Play a Success

On Friday evening, November 14, the Dramatic Club, under the direction of Miss Adelaide Moffitt presented "The Lion and the Mouse" a four act play by Charles Klein.

Shirley Rossmore returned from a trip in Europe and the Orient to find her father penniless and disgraced. The man who was the magnate causing Judge Rossmore's downfall was the father of the one with whom Shirley was in love. Through clever planning and a book, Shirley was able to save her father and, of course, to marry her lover.

Shirley Rossmore, the courageous young girl of twenty, who fought so hard for her father, was played by Miss Sara Suttill. Miss Doris Southwick played opposite Miss Suttill taking the part of Jefferson Ryder, the lover. John Burkett Ryder to whom the term "Ready Money" was often applied, was portrayed by Miss Barbara Randlett. Miss Peggy Ney impersonated Bagley, who for four years had been the third groom of the bed chamber of the second son of the Royal Family.

Miss Priscilla Nye was assisted by the Misses Ida Warr and Marjorie Fitch in arranging the stage. Some of the furniture for the stage setting was very kindly loaned by the Sheehan Furniture Company of 53 Centre Street, Brockton.

The orchestra under the direction of Miss Freida Rand furnished music.

The characters, in the order in which they appeared were:

Eudoxia	Hazel Gleason
Mrs. Pontifex Deetle	Betty Giles
Jane Deetle	Ruth Petluck
Miss Nesbit	Ida Warr
Mrs. Rossmore	Marjorie Fitch
Judge Rossmore	Evelyn Lindquist
Ex-Judge Stott	Betty O'Donnell
Shirley	Sara Suttill
Jefferson Ryder	Doris Southwick
Hon. Fitzroy Bagley	Peggy Ney
Jorkins	Rose Tinsley
Senator Roberts	Marion Balboni
Mrs. John Burkett Ryder	Louise Jackson
John Burkett Ryder	Barbara Randlett

FRENCH CLUB

Five new members were initiated into the Cercle Francais on the evening of November sixth, in the reception room of Normal Hall.

The guest of the evening was Miss Philomena de Pasqua, a former president of the club. Miss De Pasqua exhibited some of the work accomplished by her students in the Brockton schools.

During the evening Mlle. Horsin-Deon entertained with readings in "la belle langue". This meeting, as do all the meetings of the French Club fulfilled one of the statutes of the club "s'intruisant en s'amusant".

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CENTRAL SQUARE

Cont. from Page 5, Col. 2

As you see, this was a nature song. However, she disagreed. She extracted several papers from an antiquated pocket-book and showed me some credentials. S. P. C. A., S. P. C. N., they read. She then asked me for my name, but I refused her that request as she was too old for me. I don't know how she discovered my name, but incidents prove she did.

And here I now am. That's my story, and I'll adhere to it. I have nothing to regret. I had a wonderful time. You can expel me if you want.

"My boy, my boy," fervently said the Dean, as he viewed the swans swimming in the campus pond, "you're a man after my own heart. I, too, am an ardent nature lover. I, too, succumbed to her many lures. And I am succumbing again. Come, let's declare a holiday and together we shall frolic with nature."

And so they did. However, that's another day and as one plus one, all other things being equal, make two, I must cease as this tale is entitled, "A Day With Nature," not "Two Days with Nature." Cincinnati Montibello.



JOKES

HARD BOILED?

Averill—"Ham and eggs."

Waitress—"How do you want the eggs?"

Averill (dazedly)—"Oh! Fried!"

THOSE LIGHTER EMOTIONS

Montifredo—"Fiske was silly in moments."

Evans—"Oh yes. All generals have their weak moments."

Freshman (reading sign for Dramatic Club play)—"Hey, so and so, where's the Horace Mann Auditorium?"

WRONG NUMBER!

Brown University Goalie—"Hey! You fullback, come back here where you belong."

Fullback—"I'm all right! I'm supposed to play here."

Goalie—"No, no! We aren't playing that game now."

Question:—What is the greatest change that takes place when water is changed to ice?

Senior:—Change in price. — Durfee Record Board.

Don't worry when you stumble — remember that a worm is about the only thing that cannot fall down.



NORMAL FROG

Polly Wog and I had an awful fright the other night while we were watching the moon from our favorite parking place on the ledge. One of the young Normal men was struggling violently, orally, and physically, against an exterior force which was pushing him into our pond. His young lady friend stood by in fear and trembling while her young cavalier bravely withstood the attack.

Minnie Larva has been asking me about the young Normal lady who is conducting a course on "How to win men through song." Experience is this teacher's qualification. As Minnie is pursuing Tad Pole she is thinking of taking some lessons.

Some of our visitors serenade their "lady loves" in tenors but a certain young lady has a beautiful bass.

Grandma Frog has been saying that the young man who pushes the lawnmower is having a real introduction to what is coming later on.

Now that the hunter's moon is in action, the trees surrounding our home will be occupied every night.

Every other Thursday Pooly Wog and I have the pond to ourselves. 'Tis said that Thursday night is club night.

It has grown cold so early this year that we didn't have to put up our usual sign-up sheets for parking space.

Bull Frog has been telling me about the three girls who wanted to be footballs at the game last Sunday. They vied with each other for the honor and ended by being at the bottom of the scramble.

Cont. from Page 5, Col. 3

a good B. N. S. course in pedagogy unpodagogical.

"Young man," I had torn down the aisle. I was beside him, "give me that stick." But Joseph was strong and stubborn and Joseph wanted his stick. So he sat there tightly clutching it. I pulled feeling very undignified and a trifle dubious about the outcome. The children were excited and watched the contest with keen interest.

"Well, alright, Joseph, you may keep the stick. But remember one sound and I will take it away from you." I backed down the aisle in inglorious defeat.

Joseph grinned a grin of pure delight. His grimy hands relaxed their grip. It was too much. I noted the stick held loosely between his knees and rushed back.

"On second thought, no, Joseph, I will take the stick." I had it. Joseph groaned.

I bore it triumphantly down the aisle, safely to stand beside the radiator, far out of reach. That was settled.

This morning I discovered a gray hair. Oh well it is time. I have been delicately side-stepping the Italian temperament on rainy days now for nine weeks.

Graduate of 1930

Men's Soccer

Since the last issue of Campus Comment the varsity soccer team has played four games, winning two and losing two.

On October 11, the team was entertained by the Harvard varsity team at Cambridge. The Bridgewater boys were sent home with a 4-0 defeat. When one considers that this great Harvard team plays such aggregations as Yale, West Point, Dartmouth, and Penn State, Bridgewater has nothing to be ashamed of and can rest assured that a fine piece of work was accomplished in holding its far superior adversary to such a low score. After the game our men were entertained at the Harvard-Springfield foot-ball game by the Harvard Athletic Association.

The next game was played against Fitchburg Normal at Bridgewater. This contest proved to be a very torrid battle and not until the final stages of the game was Fitchburg able to break the 2-2 score by registering two goals to win by a score of 4-2.

Losing games causes unhappiness, so with a great spirit of determination our team has won the last two games.

On Wednesday, October 29, Bridgewater travelled to Providence, where a contest was staged against the Brown freshmen. The game was played in a downpour of rain, which made playing conditions very adverse. After a very close battle, Bridgewater was successful in presenting the "Brown 'Cubs'" with a 2-0 adverse.

The following Saturday, November 1, the team went to Cambridge where a game was played against M. I. T. This proved to be the best game of the year. M. I. T. was so confident of defeating Bridgewater that on the previous night a fine picture of the Tech team appeared in a Boston paper, also a prediction of an easy victory over our team. How those men from M. I. T. must have regretted making such a forecast when at the final whistle the score: Bridgewater 4— M. I. T.—3.

There are two games remaining on the schedule. On November 15, a game will be played against the alumni. If you want to see a real battle don't fail to make yourself seen on the campus next Saturday. On November 22, Bridgewater plays Tuft's varsity. This is the last game of the season and we are very eager to come home with a victory. In this game several of the seniors will be playing for the last time. These men include Captain Bearse, Altier, Averill, Costello and Palopoli.

Leonard Palopoli, Mgr.

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DORMITORY NOTES

GATES HOUSE

We have heard that Lyla Nims, who graduated with the class of '28, with the cooperation of Marjorie E. Thornber, a trained kindertgarten teacher of Chelmsford, Massachusetts, has opened a private home school for children needing special care and instruction in Pelham, New Hampshire.

NORMAL HALL

If you are in the mood to hear the spookiest of ghost stories, page Verda Dunn at Normal Hall and she will make the cold shivers creep up your spine as she did to us at the Hallowe'en party at Normal Hall, on the evening of October 20. Other elements of the party were dancing, bobbing for apples, games, cider and doughnuts, and best of all a good time for everyone. The committee in charge was: Irene Goody, chairman; entertainment, Ruth Nugent; refreshments, Rita Hockenberry; and decorations, Dorothy Chatterton.

This year the Normal hall hockey team is out to win the pennant with Ruth Nugent as captain.

During Alumni week-end we expect to welcome back many former residents to the dormitory and renew old acquaintances.

Alice Eldridge.

WOODWARD HALL

Our Hallowe'en Dance has been voted the best ever. We are resting on our laurels for a while. You will hear more from us later.



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